

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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DECEMBER 14, 1919

## The Christmas Fairy.

BY MIRIAM MARCY.

IT was Christmas Eve, and Arline was so excited that she could not sit still, dancing back and forth between the table and the sofa, where lay her lovely fairy costume all ready for the evening. On tiptoe with delight, she stood gazing down at the little fluffy gown, every ruffle edged with shimmering tinsel, at the tiny silver slippers, and the wonderful wings of transparent gauze. But best of all were the glittering crown, and the fairy wand tipped with a single gleaming star, with which she was to do such mysterious things in the play that night.

"O Mumsie!" she cried, "isn't it the mostest wonderful thing that I'm to be the Fairy in the Christmas Pantomime? I've wished and wished that some day I could be a fairy in a play, and to-night it's really going to happen. Isn't it almost time to start?"

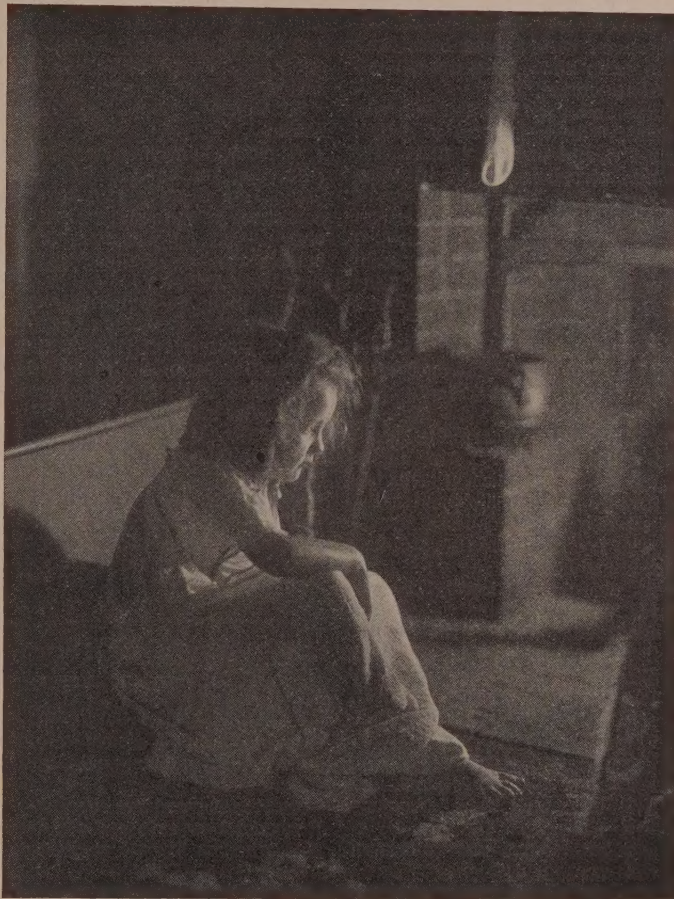
Without waiting for an answer, Arline skipped across the room to give one last loving pat to the Surprise Package that had lain on the table so enticingly all day long. She knew it was a doll, for every year since she was five years old her Christmas doll had been placed on the tree at Sunday school. It was her mother's fancy that Arline's most cherished Christmas present should always be received at the tree in the little room where her small girl was learning every Sunday something about our Heavenly Father's most precious Christmas gift to all his children.

This year the Surprise Package had a very special fascination, for, as Arline would soon be twelve years old, she and Mumsie had decided that this should be her last Christmas dollie, and the "bestest" one of all. Mumsie had such a knack for thinking up surprise dollies, and Arline wondered very much indeed what this "bestest" one could possibly be like.

"Mumsie," she broke out again, "won't Willita be surprised to see me in my fairy costume? We'll not tell her I'm to be the Fairy, will we, so she will think I am a really, truly one?"

"I do hope Willita will be as happy when she opens this box as you are over yours, Arline," said Mrs. Tracy, as she packed in, with a bright scarf and cap and mittens, mysterious little packages of red and gold, filled with fudge, stuffed dates, and salted peanuts. "Hilda has been too sick to do our washings for two weeks, and when I was there the other day she told me she had nothing with which to buy a Christmas present for Willita's Christmas stocking. I didn't see a dollie anywhere about, and I don't believe the child has ever had one."

"Never had a dollie! Why, Mumsie, I thought every little girl in the whole world had a dollie every Christmas, just



By Katherine Bingham.

"WILL MY DEAREST WISH COME TRUE?"

like me. Don't you think she must have had one hidden away somewhere?" And Arline turned to see Hannah at the door, announcing that the sleigh was waiting for her mistress outside.

"Hurrah!" Arline shouted, and by the time the fairy costume was packed in the dress-suit case, Arline was bundled in her furs, and already climbing to her seat beside the coachman in the big double sleigh.

Merrily the sleigh-bells jingled as they sped away in the moonlight, and when they had picked up Willita it was a brief spin over the sparkling snow to the church.

When they entered, Arline and the precious dress-suit case were quickly piloted to the dressing-room, while Mrs. Tracy found seats for Willita and herself near the big curtained stage in the Sunday-school room.

Now Willita was but six years old and this was her first experience of a Christ-

mas tree. She watched breathlessly the big white curtain that hid the Great Surprise, and it seemed to her that things were never going to begin to happen. But at last a little bell rang and slowly the curtain opened and drew aside.

And there it stood, the Christmas Tree, all aglitter and aglow with silver and red and gold, and underneath it sat six little children all in a row, watching and waiting just like Willita. And then a most wonderful thing happened.

Out from behind the tree came the Christmas Fairy, all shimmer and shine like the tree itself, and as she touched the gaily decked branches with the star of her magic wand, little fairy lights of silver and gold began to flicker on every limb, till the whole tree was all sparkling with a million little diamonds. Willita had never seen anything so lovely in all her life. And there, right on the highest branch, was the most beautiful little doll that surely ever was in all the world!



But what were the six little children doing now upon the stage? They were all holding up in their hands mystery packages, and as the Christmas Fairy passed each child, she touched each package with her wonderful wand, so that when it was opened it was sure to contain just what every child had wished for from Santa Claus.

"Oh, do you suppose, do you suppose?"—whispered Willita to Arline's mother. "Do I suppose what, darling?" But before the child could answer, up flew a window across the room, with a loud bang, and who should jump down from the sill but jolly old Santa himself.

"Well, boys and girls," he shouted, and merrily shook "like a bowlful of jelly," "I thought I should never get here. My foolish young aeroplane caught its wing on the top of a tree, and such a fuss as I have been having, trying to get it off! But here I am at last, with a packful of toys and bright Christmas joys, you'll be precious glad to see. Now where is the Christmas Fairy who is my messenger tonight?"

Beaming with smiles Arline stepped down from the stage to carry to each little child in the school what Santa had brought for a gift.

How Willita's little heart did beat! Would the Christmas Fairy bring her a package, and would she touch it with her wand so it would be what she was longing for with all her eager, childish heart? Yes! she was coming right toward her, with a box in her hand!

"Oh, wait, please wait, Lovely Fairy!" Willita cried, as the package was placed in her outstretched little hands. But Arline had hurried off to carry other gifts. Willita did not offer to open her box, but held it tight against her breast, and never took her eyes once from the Christmas Fairy.

At last she was coming that way again, with another larger box in her hand, and this time Willita lost no time. Grasping the tinselled ruffles of the wonderful fairy, in one little hand, she whispered shyly,

"Please, Lovely Fairy, will you touch my box with your magic-y wand, for I want a most beautiful dollie to be inside."

Arline's heart sank. What would Willita do when she opened her box and found only the cap and scarf and mittens! How she wished now that the child knew that she wasn't a real fairy! Oh, dear! her little face was shining so with expectancy and faith! How could she bear to see her disappointment!

And then her eyes fell on the box she was holding in her hand, her own Surprise Dollie. An idea struck her. Could she do it, her last and best Surprise Dollie? No, she just couldn't!

"Oh, please, Lovely Fairy, I've never had a dollie in all my life."

By now Willita's lip was trembling. The Fairy hadn't touched her package with her wand, and now she guessed there wouldn't be any dollie inside. The tears started.

Arline couldn't bear it. Suddenly her eyes began to shine. "I'll do it. I'll be a really truly Fairy, this time," she said to herself, and then aloud, "Willita, shut your eyes," and Arline laid her own precious box on top of the child's. "Now open them. Presto, change! See! my magic

wand has made your box into two, and both are for you, Willita."

Mrs. Tracy was watching, and very lovingly she drew her little girl to her side when she saw what she had done. Then they helped Willita untie the big box. Arline lifted off the cover, and there, to her astonishment, lay two dollies just alike, bearing a card all fluttering with yellow painted butterflies, on which she read, "The Happiness Twins." Their little gowns were palest sunshine gold, their hats were laughing buttercups, and around the neck of each was a tiny card, one, "For Willita," the other, "For Arline."

"O Mumsie, what does it mean?" cried Arline.

"Darling, it means this: Happiness is a twin, and you can't be the best kind of happy, all through and through, unless you share your happiness with somebody else." And as she spoke, Mrs. Tracy handed to each of the little girls one of the lovely dollies.

That night as Arline sat up in bed to bid "Mumsie" good-night, with the picture still in her mind of little Willita in silent admiration before her first Christmas doll, she looked up at her mother with a radiant smile, and said:

"Mumsie, I understand now what you meant by the 'Happiness Twins.' I just couldn't have been really truly all glad to-night with my beautiful new dollie, if Willita had been disappointed in her Christmas box. And oh! it was such joy to be a Real Christmas Fairy instead of just a make-believe."

### How Would It Seem?

BY GRACE MCKINSTRY

IF you and I spent the Fourth of July

(As we may do, sooner or later)

Where the wind was cold, and the snow was high,

As it is, beyond the equator,  
I wonder how safe and sane it would be,  
And whether 'twould really suit you and me!

If we came that way on Christmas Day

(As we may do, sooner or later)

When the air was warm, and the flowers were gay,

Far south of the equator,  
'Twould seem too much like the Fourth of July,  
And you might feel homesick—and so might I!

### A Christmas Treat for Dollie.

BY MARJORIE DILLON

LITTLE GIRL shook the fat little pig again, then with a sigh hustled him back into his pen, which was a corner of the playroom. There was no use frowning at piggy, for he couldn't help being perfectly empty. He kept right on looking plump and was too polite to squeal or to cry "Wee, wee, wee," though Little Girl banged him down pretty hard in her disappointment.

"He won't even rattle," she pouted, "and I thought there was one lonesome dime, anyway." Piggy could have reminded her that his last bite had gone to help pay for the window Little Girl

and Boy had smashed in a thrilling game of indoor football. But he minded his manners and kept still.

"Mother simply can't spare a penny this year, with Brother Bob gone as a soldier, and potatoes and things so 'spensive," Little Girl confided to Marigold, her lady doll. "If I could buy some pretty paper and gilt, I could use my school paints and make lots of pretty cards," went on the child, snuggling up in the window-seat for a good think. "Shape them like bells or like the fir-tree one Auntie sent. Let's see, what did it say? 'This happy little Christmas tree is full of love to You from Me,'" she remembered. "Or if I could buy some goods I could crochet that edge Gram taught me on wash-cloths and hankies. Oh, it's a big old ogre of an If, Marigold!" she ended with another grown-up sigh.

Just then a sweet, tempting odor stole slyly upstairs and Little Girl sniffed, then jumped up delightedly. "It's mother baking!" she cried, "and I must try the little pans Auntie sent me. I'll make some teensy cookies," she promised, putting Marigold back into the doll-house, where she promptly went to sleep. "You dollies shall have a tea-party on Christmas Day, and real cakes to eat," laughed Little Girl, forgetting the empty pig as she ran to the kitchen.

It was just ten minutes later that the Happy Thought began to grow as magically as Jack's beanstalk when it was Once-on-a-time. "You have so much fun with them," Little Girl's mother said, "that I should think other little girls would, too. There are plenty of little boxes, saved through the year, and I'm sure you can earn enough to buy some gilt cord or ribbon and pretty paper. Mrs. Watson wants you to take care of the baby while she goes shopping one day, and Brother Dick will be so busy at the candy store that he'll want you to look after his chickens for him next week."

So it happened that one snowy day Little pig swallowed a penny and nickel mixture in his astonishment. "Just hear me rattle!" he squealed happily to the doll children. "Of course I can't always be full, but if Little Girl feeds me just before Christmas, it makes us both merry."

The dolls, from Lady Marigold to Baby Dumpling in her nightie and cap, were in such a flutter. Gold Wings, the canary, had told them that The Tree was to be placed there by the doll-house; the tea-table, in a white dress, was to be trimmed with pink and white dishes, while a tiny Christmas tree stood in the middle.

"And there are to be real cookies baked for you," Gold Wings had chirped, not mentioning that, since the dolls had such dainty appetites, he himself would be sure to feast on the "leavin's." Even Gray Tail, the little mouse that lived in the wall where nobody knew, counted on a nibble or two.

Little Girl was such a busy sprite those days-before-Christmas that her playroom friends seldom had a peep at her. But there came a blissful afternoon when she skipped in with an armful of odd things. There were boxes, rustly white paper, and lots of pretty red ribbon. All the playroom people from Gold Wings to piggy tiptoed to watch their Little Girl dressing cooky-filled boxes in their Christmas clothes, and writing so carefully that



a little pucker popped out on her forehead. This is what she wrote:

"I simply can't slight Dolly,  
So here's a little treat;  
I hope they'll make her jolly—  
These Christmas cookies sweet."

Little Girl's friends were all eyes and oh's when they found the lovely fairy-sized cookies, and what with exploring their lumpy, secret-stuffed stockings, and preparing tea for their dolls, Christmas Day was at least six hours too short.

And never was a gayer playroom than Little Girl's, with its fir tree, trimmed to its tip-top and nodding to the doll-house below where Little Girl's doll children sat in dignity before a tiny tea-table. And there were cookies for everybody after the dolls finished theirs,—as many as Gold Wings wanted, and crumbs for sly Gray Tail, who enjoyed a midnight supper. Piggy, though he rattled only a little with his one penny bite, was merry just the same, because he had helped Little Girl have such a happy day.

### The Christmas Tree.

BY KATE RANDLE MENEFEE.

THE funniest kind of a tree I have seen—

It grows in shop windows and always is green!

Its branches bear dollies and plump "Teddy Bears,"

And candles and mittens and apples and pears!

I've heard of the fairies, and gold they have brought,

Of castles they've builded and giants they've fought—

But surely old Santa is greater than these,  
To grow in a window such magical trees.

### Uncle Si's Sermon.

ABOUT THE MAN WITH THE MEANCHUM SPIRIT.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

HIT was er-mighty mean day, Sonny. Hit had rained and rained twell de whole of dis here yearth 'peared to be er mudhole, and a cold mudhole at dat. De Lord God was er-looking down and er-pitying de po' people er-slipping and er-mucking round twell it was somepin' sorrowful to see, and while He was er-watching de world turned round and dar was a man right in de middle of a mudhole. Ebbery time dat man took a step down he went kerflop up to his knees. He'd stop, and blow, and drag his feet out and take ernudder step, and go down kerflop agin. He didn't try to get out sideways nor he didn't try to go back. No, sir! 'Peared like he'd just sot his head to go t'rough dat-ar mudhole, if it took all de breath' outen his body. De mud kept er-getting deeper, but de man kept er-struggling on and de Lord God called His holy angel and said, says He:

"Dar's got to be mud sometime, but dar ain't no manner of reason why a man should go er-wading in it. Go down dar and find out what-all ails dat man—'pears like he's trying to drown hisself in mud."



Courtesy of Photo-Era.

MODEL OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

At this time, when extensive plans are being made for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, we are glad to be able to present to our readers this reproduction of a model of the Mayflower which is in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. This model, which is thought to be the only one in existence, was made under the personal supervision of Capt. J. W. Collins. It is an exact miniature, in hull and rig, of a ship of the date and size of the "Mayflower." It was built from the lines and rigged from the sail-plan of a ship of the same period and may fairly be assumed to represent such a ship as brought the Pilgrims from Plymouth, England, to the New England Coast.

De angel flew down to yearth and floated round trying to keep clar of de mud. De man was er-sweating powerful and er-blowing like a horse wid der heaves, and de angel drew nigh and be-sought him, saying:

"What-all you doing in dat-ar mud, Brudder?"

De man was er-blowing so he couldn't hear. He got one leg out and took ernudder step, and went down kerflop. De angel shut up her wings and come and stood erlong side of him and axed him agin:

"What-all you doing in dis here mud, Brudder? How come you don't get outen dis mudhole?"

De man heered her dat time. He blowed, and 'lowed:

"I'se got to go t'rough."

He took ernudder step, but de angel stepped along wid him so his leg didn't stick so hard and he got his breath to speechify, and he 'splained:

"You see, Sister, dis here ain't jest common mud I'se struggling agin. Hit's my meanchum spirit."

"Your meanchum spirit," says de angel. "What-all am a meanchum spirit, Brudder?"

De man wiped de sweat offen his face, and he says:

"Er meanchum spirit, Sister, is worse'n a cowed dog. Hit hinders a man like handcuffs. Hit keeps him afeared to try dis and afeared to do dat. No matter which-er way he turns to do what he knows he ought to do, dar's dat meanchum spirit 'twixt him and his duty. Now dis morning I heered dar was a man and all

his fambly over yander down wid de fleu and I 'lowed right straight to myself I'se got to go holf my neighbor. But man, sir, soon as I sot out, dar was my meanchum spirit 'cross my way like a mudhole. And I'se gwine t'rough it. I'se just plumb sick and disgusted of being hemmed in by er meanchum spirit. I'se gwine t'rough if hit takes all de breath' outen my body."

De man took ernudder step and hit did take mighty nigh all de breath outen his body, but hit didn't discourage him none. He stood dar sweating and blowing, and he garps out:

"I tell you, Sister, de man dat can go t'rough his own meanchum spirit can go t'rough de deepest mudhole de rain ebber made on de face of dis here yearth."

"Dat's true," said de angel, "and, Brudder, de man dat's trabbiling de right road can allus find de wind to go on."

"Dat's true too," said de man. "Well, I reckon I better be gwine."

So de angel told him good-bye and flew back to heabben and when she got dar she made obeisance afore de t'rone and said:

"Lord, dar ain't nary a t'ing de matter wid dat-ar man. He's jest naturally sot out to conquer his own cowardly heart." And she told Him all. Now when de Lord God had received de words of de angel He became exceeding joyful, and He spake unto all de Saints, saying:

"Dat man has done larned a powerful truf. For verily, verily I say unto you, when a man has once got clar of his own cowardice, dar ain't nothing left to hinder him from doing what he ought to do. If a man or a woman or a little child ain't





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

143 NAHANT STREET,  
LYNN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Lynn and I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I like it very much. I want to become a member of the Beacon Club. I have been to France and England and I was born in France.

There is going to be a Sunday-school party November 10th from 7.30 to 9.30, and I am going to take my mother to it.

Yours truly,

RUTH WHEELOCK.

35 BAILEY STREET,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Christ Church of Dorchester and enjoy *The Beacon* paper very much. My teacher's name is Miss Walker. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade in school. I belong to the Ten Times One Club. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the pin very much.

Sincerely,

MADALENE B. CRUMP.

afear'd to do what's right, dar's nothing on yearth nor in heabben dat's gwine keep 'em from a doing of hit."

"And when de Lord God had made an end of His saying de angel looked down at de yearth, and behold! de man had got clar of his mudhole and was stepping along fast and free on his way to holt de po' man dat was down wid all his fambly.

### The Little Christ-Child.

THERE was cheer at the inn, with wind-dows alight,  
But no room to offer a child that night,—

The little Christ-child, so tender and small;  
They made him a couch in the cow's rough stall.

They covered him there in the manger's straw;  
Only the humble cattle saw.

Warmth in the village, cheer at the inn,  
And the straw in the manger scant and thin;

But angels sang on a hill near by,  
And a gold star rose in the winter sky;

His mother pillowed him on her arm,  
And the little sleeper 'was glad and warm.

Hundreds and hundreds of years have gone,  
And still the angels are singing on;

Still the light of that lovely star  
Over the world-hills shines afar;

Still into hearts where love is bright  
The Christ-child enters on Christmas night!

MARY NELSON TALBOT,  
in *The Youth's Companion*.



1635 BATH STREET,  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club.

My sister and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am sorry when *The Beacon* stops, and then when Sunday school stops, in the summer, for vacation.

The city which we live in is very beautiful. Part of it is on the foothills of the mountains. Our house is not on the foothills.

We can see the sea easily, as it is only 1½ miles away.

You will find enclosed a puzzle which my sister made up.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY CRONISE.

Other new members of our Club are Temple Bodley, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; James A. Garfield, Walpole, N.H.; Martha D. Chryst, Dayton, Ohio.

Our new members in Massachusetts are Helen W. Read, Chelmsford; Dorothy and Madalene Greene, Fitchburg; Karl Gardner, Haverhill; Rachel K. Young, Hubbardston; Gertrude Rogers, Quincy; Robert Collier, West Somerville; Charlotte Santon, Worcester.

### More Good Work by Another Small School.

THE following report comes from the school of the Church of the Redeemer, New Brighton, Staten Island, N.Y.:

"In *The Beacon* of October 19th we read of the good work done by the school in Hobart, Ind., in the matter of relief for Armenia and Syria. We thought you might be interested to hear what our school of only twenty members is doing.

"We have adopted an Armenian boy and have been sending five dollars each month toward his support since January, 1919, which we raise by having a special collection on Sunday mornings after the regular one is taken. The Sunday-school table at the Annual Bazaar netted twenty dollars, which was given to us by the Women's Alliance to pay for the summer months when our school is not in session.

"We do not know whether we will be able to carry on the work another year, but are going to do our best."

### Christmas Gifts.

Some of our schools will take their offerings for the children of Bible lands at the Christmas service. The Editor hopes that the children who read this number of *The Beacon* will save part of their allowance this week for their little friends across the sea. Ask your teacher or superintendent if your school will make an offering, next Sunday or soon after, and do your part toward it.

You may wish to remember our fund for Ruby Singh at Khasi Hills, India, at this time, as did the school at the Second Unitarian Church in Brookline. That school sent her as a Thanksgiving token of love the sum of two dollars, with a letter.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 24 letters.  
My 1, 10, 23, 4, is a boy's nickname.  
My 13, 7, 22, 15, 18, is a coin.  
My 9, 3, 8, 19, 17, are used by doctors.  
My 5, 9, 13, 4, 14, is a fruit.  
My 2, 7, 21, 6, is a part of the body.  
My 12, 15, 16, 24, is a girl's name.  
My 19, 11, 20, 14, is what we do all the time.  
My whole is a historic city and the State in which it is located.

ELEANOR TILTON.

### ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 8, 1, 2, is a metal.  
My 5, 10, 11, 12, is fine dirt.  
My 3, 4, 2, 7, means departed.  
My 9, 4, 6, is a quarrel.  
My whole is a United States motto.

E. A. C.

### A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY.

1. One day the capital of Montana and I went on a picnic. Who was my friend?
2. She took some rivers in Africa. I took a country. What did we take?
3. We both took some islands in the Pacific Ocean. What did we take?
4. While picnicking on the beach we saw some men fishing for a cape. What kind of fish?
5. We hadn't been there long before it began to rain. It got a mountain in Oregon every minute. What did it do?
6. It got very country in South America. What did it do?
7. We started home. On the way we met one of our girl friends, called a State in the United States. Who was our friend?
8. Then the sun came out. We were as gay as some islands in the Atlantic Ocean. What were we as gay as?
9. We decided to a city in Italy in the hills. What did we do?
10. While we were there we also saw some tame a city in France. We also saw a river in Northwestern United States. What did we see?
11. By this time we had to bid a cape in Greenland. We parted with a cape in Africa for more fun. What did we do?

MARGARET CRONISE.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 9.

ENIGMA XVII.—Honor thy father and thy mother.

ENIGMA XVIII.—Rutherford Burchard Hayes. RUNAWAY BEES.—Bale, ale, Bear, ear, Butter, utter, Bone, one, Brake, rake, Bright, right.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Curbstone.

2. Milk.

3. Frog.

4. Because when purchased it goes to the cellar (seller).

5. Short (shorter).

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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